insides of the coffins with pleated cambrics or costlier stuffs, according to the requirements of the customers. We talked & sang by the hour while we made ~~the~~ classes of flowers or wreathed immortelles. Sometimes, as she wrought with her nimble needle upon a shroud, she would tell me the simple history of the person who was to wear it; for it was but a little village, & she knew all about everybody. All day long the music of her father's plane was heard in the back shop, & we lived in an atmosphere of deep

~~what a contrast~~

peace & contentment. I learned to arrange the coffins in the front shop so as to get the best effects, grading the rear rows with festoons of crape ~~which~~ depending from immortelles fastened against the walls, with here & there a soft white shroud & in the intervals finely polished coffin plates that reflected the sunlight almost like mirrors. I took care of the horse, & was often allowed to drive the hearse. There was no rival in our business in the village. We had it all.

But by & by there came